Bene. I loue you the better, the hearers may cry Amen.
Marg. God match me with a good dancer.
Balth. Amen.
Marg. And God keepe him out of my sight when the dance is done: answer Clarke.
Balth. No more words, the Clarke is answered.
Vrsula I know you well enough, you are signior Antho-
nio.
Antho. At a word I am not.
Vrsula I knowe you by the wagling of your head.
Antho. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.
Vrsula You coulde neuer doe him so ill well, vnlesse you were the very man: heeres his drie hand vp and downe, you are he, you are he.
Antho. At a word, I am not.
Vrsula Come, come, do you thinke I do not know you by your excellent wit? can vertue hide it selfe? go to, mumme, you are he, graces will appeere, and theres an end.
Beat. Will you not tell me who tolde you so?
Bened. No, you shall pardon me.
Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?
Bened. Not now.
Beat. That I was disdainefull, and that I had my good wit out of the hundred mery tales: wel, this was signior Benedick that said so.
Bened. Whats he?
Beat. I am sure you know him well enough.
Bened. Not I, beleeue me.
Beat. Did he neuer make you laugh?
Bened. I pray you what is he?
Beat. Why he is the princes ieaster, a very dul fool only his gift is, in deuising impossible slaunders, none but Libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villanie, for he both pleases men and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and beate him: I am sure he is in the Fleete, I would he had boorded me.
Bene. When I know the Gentleman, ile tell him what you
Beat. say.

Beat. Do, do, heere but break a comparison or two on m
which peraduēture, (not markt, or not laught at) strikes him i
to melancholy, and then theres a partrige wing saued, for th
foole will eate no supper that night: wee must follow the le
ders.
Bene. In euery good thing.
Beat. Nay, if they leade to any ill, I will leaue them at th
next turning. *Dance* *exeunt*
Iohn Sure my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath with
drawne her father to breake with him about it: the Ladies fo
low her, and but one visor remaines.
Borachio And that is Claudio, I knowe him by his bea
ing.
Iohn Are not you signior Benedicke?
Clau. You know me well, I am he.
Iohn Signior, you are very neere my brother in his loue, h
is enamourd on Hero, I pray you disswade him from her, sh
is no equall for his birth, you may doe the parte of an hone
man in it.
Claudio How know you he loues her?
Iohn I heard him sweare his affection.
Borac. So did I too, and he swore hee would marry her t
night.
Iohn Come let vs to the banquet. *exeunt: manet Clau.*
Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedicke,
But heare these ill newes with the eares of Claudio:
Tis certaine so, the Prince wooes for himselfe,
Friendship is constant in all other things,
Saue in the office and affaires of loue:
Therefore all hearts in loue vse their owne tongues.
Let euery eie negotiate for it selfe,
And trust no Agent: for Beauty is a witch,
Against whose charmes, faith melteth into blood:
This is an accident of hourely proofe,
Which I mistrusted not: farewel therefore Hero. *Enter Bene* (dicke
Benedicke Count Claudio.
Claudio Yea, the same.